

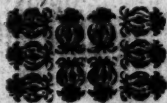
Belgica Characteristica.
OR THE
DUTCH CHARACTER.
BEING

/// Nevvs from Holland.

A
P O E M.

By *John Crouch, Gent.*

The second Impression, Improv'd.



L O N D O N,

Printed by *Edward Crouch*, dwelling on *Snow-hill*. 1665

Regia Caraccifica

OR THE

DUTCH CHARACTER

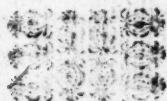
LIVING

News from Holland

A

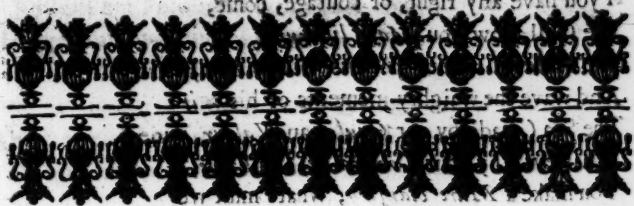
P O E M

By John French, Gent.



L O N D O N

Printed by Edward Currier, Stationer, in New-Street, 1762



Nevvs from Holland.

W Here are our Mighty Dutch? still Weather-bound?
Although the Wind has mov'd the *Compass* round?
Are the fear'd *Powers* lurking in their Holes,
Or working under-ground, like politick *Moles*?
Appear, and open your virurious *Bags*,
Pluck up your Breeches, or pull down your *Flags*.
Come with your *Giant* too, you rent of late
To mince our coyne, and magnifie your *State*.
Is old *Trumps* broome (hung up to sweep the *Seas*)
Imploy'd to brush off swarmes of *Belgick* fleas?
Are you asleep? or has our floating *Wood*
Dun'd up the *Channells* of your *Sons*, and *Blood*?
When the warm season calls you out to meet,
Has your cold *Terrors* frozen in your *Fleet*?

If you have any right, or courage, come,
 We shall allow you *Mare liberum*.
 We'll release all our glorious *Selden* writ,
 And wave the waighy moments of his *Wit*:
 The Sea (made by our *Cause*, and *Valour*, wide)
 Is parted by your *Compass*, and *Pie*.
 You make a *Mare clausum*, what must we
 Break up your *Banks* to set the *Ocean* free?
 Let's to that *Controversie* put an end:
Justice, or *Warre*; be *Enemy* or *Freind*:
 Ye know what paines your learned *Grotius* took
 To *juris belli*; fight or burn his Book.
 Are the *States General* dumb by consent,
 At one *Vote* of a loyal *Parliament*?
 Amaz'd that our State *Chymists* can afford
 Such vast supplies, coyn *Millions* with a word:
 Is *Amsterdam*, which us'd to be so crank,
 (Boasting the rich *Mines* of her moun'tenous *Bank*)
 Fal'ne sick (not of her *Pestilence*) but guilt,
 Having no innocent blood left to be spilt?
 Or (what is worse) is the transplanted *Plague*
 Remov'd from *Amsterdam* unto the *Hague*?
 Where the great *Trades-men* all their *Plots* disburse,
 Unite the *People*, and divide their *Purse*.
 All *Artificers* grown? no *Pilot* fit to steer?
 Where are your souls, neither in *Heav'n* nor here?
 Do *Gunpowder* and *Brandee* mix in vaine
 To thaw the frozen *Region* of your *braine*?
 Are ye afraid the *Brittish Oakes* ye bought
 (Thinking to break our *Ribs* before we fought)
 Should with your *Guilt* sink, or your *Judgment* burn,
 Or by instinct of *Sympathy* retorne?

As once our *Phoenix* (which a fatal hour
 Had captivated by unequal power)
 From midst of all your *Screech-Owles* took her wing,
 And flew home, to enjoy a kinder Spring:
 An act rare as the *Bird*, the *English* will
 (Though sometimes *Rebells*) yet be *English* still:
 The wiser found this dis-harmonious pause,
 Your Ships are strong, your hearts weak like your Cause:

VWhere is that fury sunk your Sovereigns Fleets
 Wrap'd all in flameing *Sayles* for Winding sheets?
 While (freind to both) th' amazed *Brittish* shore,
 Trembled to see her locks bedew'd with Gore.
 None to succeed the generous *Vantrump*,
 Who fiercely grappl'd with th' omnipotent *Rump*?
 (For so deluded *Wights*, they thought t' have bin,
 But *Heaven* is more omnipotent than *Sin*)
 That both were stout, is no prodigious thing,
Rebells will fight with *Rebells*, or a *King*.

Restore what ye have gain'd by Fraud and Stealth;
Pyrats and Robbers of both *Indias* wealth,
 Hire not the *Blacks* your Neighbours to betray,
Whites in your face, in soule more *Blacks* than they;
 Nor catch the *Guiny* natives with your *GINNES*,
 Reform'd more *Heathen* by your *Christian* sins.
 When will a Dutch-man in one vessell hold
 His *Honesty*, and *Trade*, his *Faith*, and *Gold*?

While man has mem'ry, may that hellish Plott
 Of cur'd *Amboyna* never be forgott:
 Where you pretend a treacherous surprize,
 First to betray, and then to tyrannize,
 Racks, Flames, and Tortures, all so exquisit;
 Seem'd not to shew your *Mallice* but your *Wit*:

By tedious *Torments*, forcing us to *confess*
 What we ne're thought, *Made guilty by distress*
 For after strict search (and a *Dutch* man's Eye
 Rub'd with revenge is quick as *lealous*)
 Envy could find no weapons of offence;
 Nothing to storm your walls but *Innocence*;
 But you that *Innocent* blood in peace have spilt,
 Doubtless delight to sacrifice to Guilt!

Are all the *Men* and *Ships* destroy'd last *Warre*?
 Sunk in your mem'ries too, no warning *scarre*?
 Could a poore *Epileptick* Body (dead
 Without the living influence of a *Head*)
 Your numerous, and experienc'd *Navies* beat,
 Or force them to the shame of a *Retreat*?
 And shall not *Brittains* *Monarchy* doe more
 Than it's sick *Anarchie* had done before?

Convince us why *Republicks* Priviledg'd are
 T'vsurpe the wide *Sea*, and the wider *Ayre*?
 Is the whole *Eastern* *World* your proper due,
 Which *Rome* ne're had, when she had *Us*, and you?
 Yet your *Republick* is a divers Thing,
 The *Romans* had two *Consuls* though no *King*,
 They durst not start too farr, resolv'd to be
 Within the prospect of a *Monarchie*:
 The prudence of those sober *Ages* knew
 Greater the *Monster* was, the more heads grew.
 Two *Persons* Rul'd, with one misterious Will;
 The *Roman* *State* was thus *Monarchick* still:
 Two *Consuls* Raign'd, One the whole *Work* did do;
 Rul'd both the *Publick*, and his *fellow* too:
 When dire *Confusions* must in time restore
 You to the *Thralldomes* ye bewail'd before.

Did the communicative *Sun* create

All *Spices*, to make *Inferne* for one *State* ?

Your *Pride*, and *Americ* will worke your bane ;

Where no *satiety* is, there's little *Gain* ;

Graspe what ye well may hold, 'Tis they extend

Too farr, who reach their *Ruine*, not their *End* ;

Though you hold forth a single joyned *Hand*,

Your fingers start, and disunited *stand*.

We all admire *Divinity* in *One*,

But not in every *Concrete Union*.

You think the *Narrow Seas* for us too much,

Yet the whole *Globe* too little for the *Dutch*.

Good Freinds Print *Bookes*, and let the *Mappe* alone,

Account not what you *Sell*, but buy, your *owne*.

Thus, while fair *Liberty* you give, and crave,

You would be *Free*, to make the *World* a *Slave*.

Tell me (then *Low-Dutch*) when you were as bigg

With *Common-Wealth*, as ever *Sow* with *Pigg*,

Who your blest *Midwife* was ; I trow, a *Queen*,

Or you had never *High*, and *Mighty* been.

Who was it rais'd you to this monstrous *Height* ?

Taught ye at first, not to *Rebell*, but *Fight* ?

You have forgot our *Sydneys*, and our *Venes*,

Our *Monck*, and *Oxford*, *Commoners* and *Petres* ;

Who shed their rich blood for your *Infant State* ;

First to procure your *Freedom*, than your *Fate*.

Doe not so farr degenerate, to conclude

Your utmost *Period* with *Ingratitude*.

Ingratitude ? O *Heavens* ! Has not that word,

An edge as sharp as your old *Generalls* sword ;

Does not that brave heroick *Prince's* Ghost ?

Stare in your faces ? tell you all is lost ?

If you with *England* fight or shall invade
 Her Royal Rights, or check her Popular Trade;
 If you by *Spannish* Gabels shall annoy
 Your Fellow Merchants, and devalue his Boy;
 Tell me ye *Men of breeding* is it meet
 Or pleasant for the Head to kiss the feet?
 Does that new Blood quarter'd in every veine,
 His or the *High and mighties* honour stain?
 Know the young *Prince* is more than *Orange*, now
 He may remit, Great *Brittaine* must not bow;
 Be just to *Him*, and *V's*, the Quarrell ends,
 Silver will *soder* all, and make us freinds.
 May never *Pest* from *Amsterdam* remove,
 Till ye restore him to your Faith and Love!

Meane time our Loyall *Duke* does kindly waite,
 To know the pleasures of the *Mighty State*,
 Hoping this favour you'll retaliate too,
 To send him word what *Amsterdam* will do.

F I N I S.

